Lunch With Charlie

Ow! said I.
Too bad, remarked
Charlie the Ant.

I browse my paper at
the same outdoor lunch

spot and Charlie or
his ilk get me often.

Hey! Throw down a few crumbs
and we'll go crazy over ‘em
and thereby spare you.

Next time I did and--I want
to say thousands--but maybe

hundreds formed black seas around
tiny pale islands. The Nabisco Islands.
Oh a few outliers came my way still,

like poets leaving men
and women at picnics

to commune with
the sappy pines.